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## THE OLD TEAPOT.

THE little ones gather round and gaze with reverent eyes upon it as it stands upon its shelf in the library. Grandma takes it tenderly in her feeble hands and seats herself in the easy chair. Well she remembers when she used this teapot regularly every day, and they match each other beautifully, the old lady and the old china. There is about both a suggestion of quality, of high breeding. The old pot is fragrant not only with the aroma of countless infusions, but with the atmosphere of a bygone day, filled as by the leaves of autumn with memories pleasant and sad. The old lady seems to live in the past, and her saintly face is graven by the tools of sorrow.

Contemplating these two, there rises the picture of a small, neatly furnished room, the curtains are drawn and on the table the teapot, not then old, glitters in the cosy light of the fire. At the hearth a young wife is seated. With one hand she caresses the head of a sleek pussy, purring in the pervading warmth, while the other rests lightly on the edge of a cradle. She is listening for the "hand upon the latch." The kettle sings upon the hob, and only the presence of her "house band" is needed to make her happiness complete. At last the welcome sound is heard, and she springs to her feet with a glad smile. The kettle boils, the teapot is filled, and the two sit down.

"A world of strife shut out,  
A world of love shut in."

She is the same, and not the same, the same in her tender and constant love, in her sweet and patient expression, but already the graver has begun to furrow her brow. Again she is waiting. No cradle now, but busy helping are three or four pairs of sturdy legs and willing hands. Proudly the mother smiles on her little flock, but there is a vacant place in her heart, and upstairs in a sacred spot are a tiny pair of shoes and an old wooden horse, all that are left of her firstborn besides the lingering memory of a baby voice and the "sure and certain hope."

A footstep is heard outside, and the little ones struggle to be the first to welcome father.

The old teapot is not large enough now, and it is awarded a position of honor on the mantelpiece, while its place at the table is taken by a robust "Rockingham."

Away with the cumbersome routine of a late dinner—tea is *par excellence* the evening meal.

With a warm fire and a good cup of tea, who cannot laugh at the elements and enjoy to the full the comforts of his home circle?

\* \* \*

The widow sits by the fire. After weary days and nights of watching she is left alone, and deep are the lines now traced upon her patient face. "Mother dear,

let me make you a cup of tea"; and the child, now grown almost to womanhood, reaches up for the old teapot.

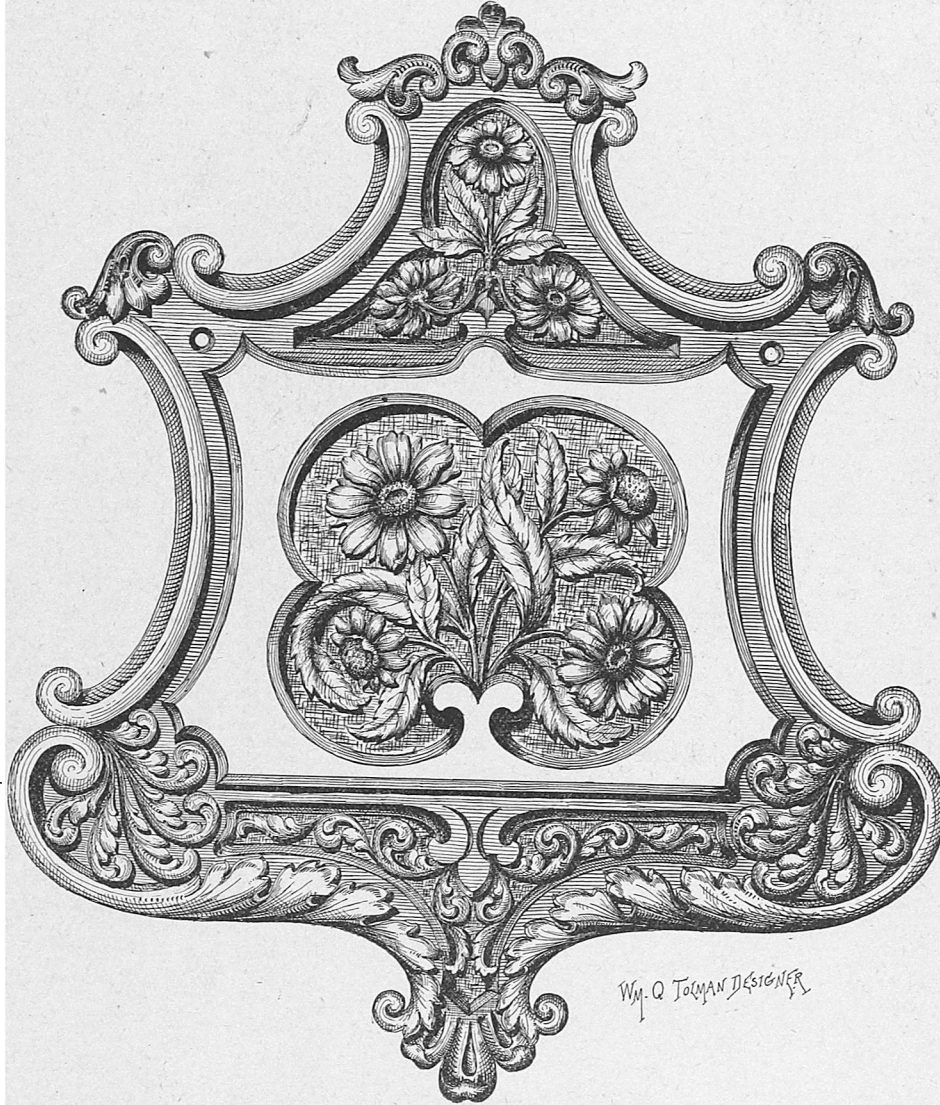
"Not that one, love; I can never use that pot again; it was *his* first present to me, and I cannot use it now." And, taking the china into her hands, she caresses it tenderly.

And so the old lady and the old teapot pass through life together. Time has changed one more than the other, but both belong to the old world of grace and beauty, of tender memories and deep affection. To the time when sentiment was not yet crushed beneath the iron heel of commerce, nor strangled by the cruel cord of competition.

Has that day passed away forever? Is there none left among the manufactur-

ers who will make beautiful things because they are beautiful, and not merely because they pay? Are the energies of our best workers to be consumed in throwing off machine-made goods in thousands, with no other interest than the wage they can earn? We trust such is not the case.

It is not too late for the attempt to be made to produce beauty in addition to utility, and it is most earnestly to be hoped that there are still to be found potters who love their art and are prepared to make sacrifices in order to advance it.



DESIGN FOR A CARVED WALL POCKET. BY WM. Q. TOLMAN.

See article on opposite page.